How anſwere you that?

Snout. Berlakin, a parlous feare.

Star. I beleeue, we muſt leaue the killing, out, when is done.

Bott. Not a whit: I haue a deuiſe to make all well. Wri me a Prologue, and let the Prologue ſeeme to ſay; we w do no harme, with our ſwords, and that *Pyramus* is no kild indeede: and for the more better aſſurance, tel them that I *Pyramus* am not *Pyramus*, but *Bottom* the weaue this will put them out of feare.

Quin. Well: wee will haue ſuch a Prologue, and it ſhall written in eight and ſix.

Bot. No: make it two more: let it be written in eight eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the Lyon?

Star. I feare it, I promiſe you.

Bot. Maſters, you ought to conſider with your ſelfe, bring in (God ſhielde vs) a Lyon among Ladies, a moſt dreadfull thing. For there is not a more feareful wilde foule then your Lyon liuing: & we ought to loo toote.

Sno. Therfore, another Prologue muſt tel, he is not a Lio

Bot. Nay: you muſt name his name, and halfe his fa muſt be ſeene through the Lions-necke, and he himſel muſt ſpeake through, ſaying thus, or to the ſame defec Ladies, or faire Ladies, I would wiſh you, or I would re queſt you, or I wold intreat you, not to feare, not to trēbl my life for yours. If you thinke I come hither as a Lyon, were pittie of my life. No: I am no ſuch thing: I am a m as other men are: & there indeed, let him name his name and tell them plainely he is *Snugge*, the ioyner.

Quin. Well: it ſhall be ſo: but there is two hard things that is, to bring the Moone-light into a chamber: for yo know, *Pyramus* and *Thiſby* meete by Moone-light.

Sn. Doth the Moone ſhine, that night, we play our Pla

Bo.

Bo. A Calender, a Calender: looke in the Almanack: finde out Moone-ſhine, finde out Moone-ſhine.

Quin. Yes: it doth ſhine that night.

Cet. Why then, may you leaue a caſement of the great chamber window (where we play) open; and the Moone may ſhine in at the caſement.

Quin. I: or els, one muſt come in, with a buſh of thorns, & a lātern, and ſay he comes to diſfigure, or to preſent the perſon of Moone-ſhine. Then, there is another thing; we muſt haue a wal in the great chāber: for *Pyramus* & *Thiſby* (ſaies the ſtory) did talke through the chinke of a wall.

Sno. You can neuer bring in a wal. What ſay you *Bottom*?

Bot. Some man or other muſt preſent wall: and let him haue ſome plaſter, or ſom lome, or ſome rough caſt, about him, to ſignifie wall; or let him holde his fingers thus: and through that crany, ſhall *Pyramus* and *Thiſby* whiſper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, ſit downe euery mothers ſonne, and reherſe your parts. *Pyramus*, you beginne: when you haue ſpoken yonr ſpeech, enter into that Brake, and ſo euery one according to his cue.

Enter Robin.

Ro. What hempen home ſpunnes haue we ſwaggring here,
So neere the Cradle of the Fairy Queene?
What, a play toward? Ile be an Auditor,
An Actor too perhappes, if I ſee cauſe.

Quin. Speake *Pyramus*: *Thyſby* ſtand forth.

Pyra. *Thiſby* the flowers of odious ſauours ſweete.

Quin. Odours, odorous.

Py. Odours ſauours ſweete,
So hath thy breath, my deareſt *Thiſby* deare.
But harke, a voice: ſtay thou but heere a while,
And by and by I will to thee appeare. *Exit.*

Quin. A ſtranger *Pyramus*, then ere played heere.

Thyſ. Muſt I ſpeake now?